Luia. Goe thy wayes.
thou art the pretiest puling peece of passion,
Indeed I will not fayle thee.
Row. I had rather,
Luia. Prethee beleeue me, if I doe not cary it
for both our goods –
Row. But,
Liu. What but?
Row. I would tell you,
Liu. I know all you can tell me, all's but this
you would haue me, and lye with me, is't not so?
Row. Yes.
Liu. Why, you shall, will that content you, goe,
Row. I am very loath to goe.
Liu. Now o my conscience
Thou art an honest fellow: here's my sister,
goe, prethee goe, this kisse, and credit me
ere I am three nights older I am for thee,
you shall heare what I doe.
Row. I had rather feele it.
Liu. fare well.
Row. Fare well.
Luia. Alas poore foole how it lookes
it would ev'n hang it selfe, should I but crosse it,
for pure loue to the matter, I must hatch it.
Bian. Nay never looke for merie houre Maria,
if now ye make it not; lett not your blushes,
yo. modestie, and tendernes of spirit
make you continuall anuile to his anger,
beleeue me since his first wife sett him going
nothing can bind his rage, take your owne councell,

Enter Bianca & Maria.

Exit Rowland.

you shall not say that I persuaded you.
Mari. Stay shall I doe it?
Bian. Haue you a stomack to it?
Mar. I neuer shewed it
Bian. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stranger in you,
but doe not say I urg'd you.
Mari. Ile doe it,
like Curtius to redeeme my country, haue I
leapt in this gulfe of mariage
farewell all poore thoughts, but spight & anger
till I haue wrought a miracle vpon him.
Bian. This is braue now
if you continue it, but your owne will lead you.
Mari. I'd due all tendernes, I dare continue,
mayds that are mayds of feare and modest blushes
View me and loue example
I am no more the gentle tame Maria,
mistake me not, I haue a new soule in me
made of a north wind, nothing but tempest,
and like a tempest shall it make all ruins
till I haue run my will out.
Bian: Here is your sister.
Mar: Here is the braue old mans loue.
Bian: That loues the young man.
Mar: I and hold thee there Wench,
What a griefe o' the hart is't when Paphos reuels
should vprouse old night, to sweat against a corke,
to lye and tell the clocke o'th' lungs, to rise sport-start'd.
Luia. Deare sister where haue you been you talke thus?
Mari. Why? at church where I am tyde to talke thus,
I am a wife now.

JOHN FLETCHER *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd* ca. 1630-1640 FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY Octavo